



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

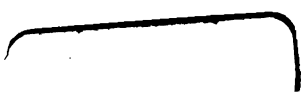
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



3 3433 07606296 1

The
Gordon Lester Ford
Collection
Presented by his Sons
Winthrop Chauncey Ford
and
Paul Leicester Ford
to the
New York Public Library.



211



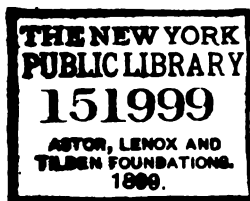
F R E E D O M .

“ Where shall Peace find refuge ?
whither, say,
Can Freedom turn ?
Lo, friend, before our view
The Century rends itself
in storm away,
And red with slaughter !”

— — — — —
HORATIO STONE.
— — — — —

WASHINGTON, D. C. :
PUBLISHED BY PHILP & SOLOMONS.
NEW YORK : C. T. EVANS.

1864.



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by
HORATIO STONE,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Columbia.

Stereotyped by SMITH & McDUGAL, 82 & 84 Beekman Street, N. Y.

Contents.

	PAGE
SALUTATION.....	5
FREEDOM.....	15
ELEUTHERIA.....	55
DAY.....	73



SALUTATION.

FRIENDS : I greet you with Ideals, sketched in fragmentary moments snatched from hours of public service, and presented with the hope that in a more worthy expression, they may greet you again after some years of hallowed peace, through the inspirations of confirmed national glory.

Friends, steadfast and faithful in the cause of Freedom, the cause of Humanity, the cause of our Nation : may the triumphal music of the grand festival of victory and peace, which is near at hand, give you great joy.

Friends of Freedom—desponding and fearful—who congregate with the groups of dismayed seekers for consolation and supporting faith, in this great probation of souls ! may ye also have joy, hearing by anticipation

the exultations of the approaching goal of triumph. Look ye upward, and take courage. Fortunate inheritors of the most glorious opportunity ever bequeathed to mankind to lift the race from the bondage of self into the joy of unity of life! O let us not bury the treasure. Surely, with this high trust, we are prepared for danger, death, self-sacrifice upon the national altar; being assured that the flames of the offering would dispel the darkness of despairing souls, and open the gates whence the armies of Heaven would descend, and, leading the van of battles, make our surviving comrades and all champions of justice, now and evermore invincible, victorious.

Can we behold, in ideal vision, the grand processions of heroes of the past, and of our own nation and times, who in action, in history, and in song, have unceasingly lighted the track of humanity to higher and nobler life, and fail to be inspired to emulate their intrepidity of valor and faith? Let us consider, if we retreat from this grandest conflict of the ages for the rights of humanity, we shall have nothing to bequeath to posterity but blighting shame; but if we advance persistently, with lives ever ready to bestow, the affluent bequest of

moral redemption and glory. If we obey not thus the high monitions of patriot valor, but, listening to the false persuasions of the prophet of personal peril in coward souls, incline to shun it, let us beware of the deeper danger we should be sure to find in the ambush of the truce our fears would welcome. If we cannot perform every patriotic duty which the occasion demands in the spirit of unfaltering heroism, and with a glad impulse of passion for the defense of justice, and the achievement of national welfare and glory, let us once and forever commit our souls to the dictates of necessity—to the chances of the conflict with the inevitable evil which is upon us—and instead of wasting them in the inaction of despair, exert our might to hasten its destruction.

Patriot Statesmen, Scholars, Preachers, Seers, Instructors of the people of the nation! in view of the grand results of your labors; tranquil in hoary age with the illumination of faith in the final revelation of the full and perfect form of ideal freedom; the sweet music of assured triumph is already sounding in your souls, and with exultant joy ye can exclaim: "Now let thy servants depart in peace," but with your bless-

ings and your congratulations, extended to those who are to enter upon your labors, you will fail not to impress the solemn admonition, that by the developments of past and passing events, new and boundless demands are made upon their various ministries in the domain of national culture.

Not to govern, but to elevate man above the necessity of government—or forceful control—by the highest development of his intellectual and moral being, is the Divine purpose and order of legislation, through the instrumentality of all kinds and methods of instruction. Intuitively, and by the light of philosophy and inspiration, it is the chief aim of Art, Science, and Religion ; and when they, with the accord of civil authorities, shall have achieved their utmost results, an internal government will reside in the individual will, and true freedom be attained. Outward force, compulsory law, will then sheathe its sword and raze to their foundations all prison walls ; for when the members of the body politic shall in no way violate the law which all assented to as beneficent and just, the law and its instruments for the infliction of penalties will need only to remain as ideal limitations of the individual and the public

will. Herein is expressed the spirit of the theory of civil order upon which the founders of our republic built, and the only theory upon which a government can be established that will develop and secure the condition of true freedom. By the revelation of passing events we are enlightened to perceive how far short of that condition we have reached ; and, its very existence being dependent upon universal redemption from ignorance and the false teachings of the demagogue, to know how immeasurable, in the future, will be the demands upon the ministry of the national instructors. But the Hercules grows strong as his labors increase, and the goal of immortal recompense draws nigh. Active heroism and coöperation therewith, in all possible exertion for the attainment of its ends in this great transition ; this up-moving conflict which is opening the iron and the golden gates—the one, of exit from the last dark walls of oppression and injustice, the other, of entrance upon a glorious future of spiritual exploits and unity of national life—will endow them with divine inspiration and valor to meet the utmost demands.

Friends : ye brave millions—Soldiers of the nation,

its heart and hand to feel and avenge its wrongs—enviable is your privilege and your joy of giving your manhood and your blood, the most precious things, for its redemption. Therein ye have your great reward ; but to-day the laurels your blood has nourished are by millions of hands woven to crown you at the feast of final victory ; and the halls of fame, guarded by angels of immortal recompense, have already treasured your merited palms, with the grand tones of the anthem of your praise, for that glorious day ; and the sweet ministrants of charity, who in their cheering sympathies and helpful benefactions have been ever present with you on fields of conflict, and where, fallen, you have been gathered for relief, will also be present then, with their approving smiles, to consummate your joy.

Friends : Representatives of the People, under various names, for the enactment of their will, in laws, and for the enforcement of their will in the direction of the organism of the body politic ; ye too may rejoice, rejoice with a depth of joy to your predecessors unknown, inasmuch as ye can perceive, as they could not, how in the grand movement of the times the sublime dignity of the source of your authority has appeared,

verifying its claim of sovereign power, and declaring, in action, how utterly futile had been your enactments, decrees, and orders, but for its spontaneous and general coöperation, through the functions of judgment and heroic force. Great is the honor conferred upon you by its suffrage, and correspondent therewith the responsibility imposed, and the respect which in the future must ever be rendered to this august living spirit of a mighty and beneficent nation, which will evermore demand of its organs the exercise of functions in its own temper. Rejoice in the departure from your ranks of the weak, insane, and bad men who aforesaid indulged in the vice of despotic austerity in the performance of official duties, sinking at last to rise no more in treason, or complicity therewith; men who could not know the dignity of their sacred privilege, nor appreciate the high prerogative of a people who, by common toils and sacrifices, have, once for all, wrought their disenthralment of tyranny, and rescued from barbarian waste a grand domain for a safe and happy national home; which, in every exigency of danger, they have defended with resistless valor. Rejoice in the purified

life and aspirations it is henceforth your high privilege to represent and promote.

Friends : Artists of the nation, commemorators of its better life, rejoice in the answer of your prayers that its ancient glory might not be lost. Rejoice in the redemption and added glory its calamities have wrought. Rejoice in anticipation of the consummate glory to be revealed in the near future.

Contention for principle ; conflict for the triumph of opposing ideas, theories, and aims, is an inevitable condition of civil institutions, nay of all human institutions, especially those of government in which the people are sovereign ; and he must have been a blind observer of passing experience, and a forgetful reader of history, who has failed to perceive that in these conflicts the fire is struck which illuminates the ascending track of humanity.

Accepting this condition of associated life, you find the tranquillity and power of self-possession for the performance of all duties demanded of you either in times of national repose or agitation. But above and beyond this, you have a divine inspiration in the spirit of nationality—a wondrous, mysterious power—the

Spirit of God moving upon the face of the waters of life, an all-pervading breath of light, imparting to each member of the state an added and superior life to his own : dependent children as we are upon this beneficent muse, if we coldly meet her affectionate gaze ; if we proudly spurn the proffers of her ample nourishment of the spirit, we shall seek it elsewhere in vain ; but in a mutual and confiding love, the life of the individual and the state are developed, magnified and confirmed ; and each member thereof is exalted from the poor condition of a being of the passing moment, to one enriched by the beneficent ministrations of all times, past, present, and future ; the roots of the tree of life, of which he is a branch, bring him nourishment, and its flowering crown breathes fragrant prophesies of golden glories to come. To be imbued with this spirit, to be conscious of its benign and potent force, is to be endowed with the graces of patriotism, honor, heroism, devotion ; it is to be endowed with the ascending strength of winged victories, in the passage of whatever track of national duty your vocation may open ; and inasmuch as yours is the high and consecrated vocation which commissions you to embody the spirit of

the age and nation in which you live, to exalt and transfigure their life, and to make even their tombs illuminated credentials, to the future, of a glorious immortality ; in filling the halls of fame with your votive offerings, your chief inducement will be the sure and ample recompense of patriotic devotion.

"O Sons of Art ! into your hands consign'd
(O heed the trust, O heed it and reverse !)
The liberal dignity of human kind !
With you to sink, with you to re-appear.
Rise, ye free sons of the Free Mother, rise,
Still on the Light of Beauty sun your eyes,
Still to the heights that shine afar aspire,
Nor meaner meeds than those she gives desire.
Borne on your daring pinions, soar sublime
Above the shoal and eddy of the time.
Far glimmering on your wizard mirror, see
The silent shadow of the Age to be."

H. S

U. S. A. GENERAL HOSPITAL, COLUMBIAN COLLEGE,
WASHINGTON, D. C. APRIL, 1963.



F R E E D O M.





F R E E D O M .

DEEP shades of night surround
 young Freedom's dome.
Crushing his lamp
 and sacred altar fires,
Fallen spirits gloom the hour
 with Discord's brand ;
But from on high,
 above all clouds and storms,
Floods of redeeming light
 anon will flow.
Not less in later
 than in antique times,
The heavenly ministrants
 descend to earth ;
Not less than wont,
 the course of man direct,

Inform his breast,
 and aid or thwart his aims ;
Not less his mind
 and habitudes assume,
To shape events
 predestin'd in the Heavens ;
Not less inhabit
 solemn, silent groves,
And where sweet fountains
 murmuring flow
When 'midst their vapors
 in the light of day
The folds of Iris' robes
 in brightness play.—
Ah ! 'tis Her voice we hear—
 to memory thus :
A premonition, still,
 yet deeply felt,
Informs my spirit,
 that to suffering man,
In this eclipse
 of Freedom's glorious orb,
The lamp of rescue
 must be borne aloft
By me, and Spirits
 who my call obey ;

Yet no clear sense
 have I, of means or ends :
Only as the immediate
 moments fly,
Know I my duty,
 then 'tis clear as day.
Though spirits high,
 we act not of ourselves :
From higher powers
 the promptings all proceed.
We feel an impulse—
 that from Heaven descends :
To action we advance,
 and as we speed,
The pathway opens,
 lighted farther on.
Scarcely the motive
 of preceding act
Can we remember,
 for we live and move
Obedient ever
 to the informing will.

MNEMOSYNE.

If not the Past,
 the future thou shouldst know,
For in thy being,
 thou dost represent
Immortal Faith,
 whose sight doth penetrate
The realms afar,
 beyond the gates of time.
The realm of memory
 is mine to sway,
And join the Past
 and Now, in harmony.
Yet in this new
 and glorious state
Of free advancement,
 wherein, lo, we find
A mighty hope,
 imperill'd, to redeem.—
With human sympathy
 and love, I feel
A new accession
 to mine ancient powers.
All spirits must advance,
 in this new light,

And clearer glimpses gain
of Destiny ;
And here and now
'tis needful that we should,
To give direction,
and to hold in check,
The lofty aspirations,
and the wild
Impulses which,
in Freedom's airy halls—
Unquell'd by tyranny—
free men will feel.

I R I S .

Freedom of will,
and Thought's foreseeing ken,
Are man's, to sink him
to the depths of woe,
Or lift him high
on glory's golden throne.
Our will is Heav'n's.
We can but bear
His seal'd behests,
to guide man's will aright.

We are Heaven's language—
His projected thought,
And will and act
but in its utterance.
Although the representative
of Faith,
And guide of man
toward immortality,
Beyond its portals
I but dimly see :
I can but raise
my archway over time,
And light him forth,
as he to heav'n doth climb ;
And yet, in this new
birth of Time, 'tis true,
The future opens
clearer to my view ;
And reminiscence
of the past revives.

M N E M .

Thou canst remember
times, some ages past,

When all the glory
 of the antique world—
Freedom, Art, Valor,
 sank to night's abode ;
When tyranny made
 trembling slaves of men ;
When Faith and Knowledge
 in perversion fell ;
When e'en the hallow'd
 boon of Bethlehem's light
Was borne by despots
 but to lift their thrones
Amidst the darkness
 which their power confirm'd.—
And thou didst sicken,
 and the heavenly glow
Gloom'd, paled, and fled
 thy hope-inspiring bow ;
And we departed
 from the old dead world.

I R I S .

Despairing all
 regeneration there ;

Well knowing that from
 some new mount of earth—
Some spot where nature
 unpolluted reign'd,
And where the soul of
 man, in conscience free,
Unclouded, unenthrall'd
 by errors hoar,
Could bear the pure
 uplifting light of truth—
The sun of reformation
 must arise
To re-illumine e'en
 the olden world.
Well knowing this, by light
 of Heaven inform'd,
I quick transferr'd
 my radiant arc
To this fair clime,
 and these Elysian skies ;
And thou didst come with
 me, and all the throng
Of spirits good, to aid
 our ministrations.

M N E M .

Bright messengers of Love
 from Heaven to earth !
From their long banishment
 in starry worlds ;
With robes and crowns
 relumin'd by their fires ;
On joyous pinions,
 here they gather'd all—
The inspiring sisters
 Of high Delphos' spring—
Baptized in waters
 of immortal life,
Endow'd by holy memories
 of their source
On loftier mount
 of earth's redeeming Lord ;
With seraph harps
 came forth to reinspire
The long-forgotten song
 of " Peace on earth."
And the sweet angel
 of the morning star—
The loving herald
 of the rising Day—

Joyous, with floral gifts,
and dewy urn,
To lead the throng
and keep thy bow aflame.
Here, too, the glowing
Hesper, long unseen,
Unfolding wide
his golden gates, appear'd,
To greet her coming,
and his love renew.

I R I S .

Joy to the suffering
world forevermore !
He found the loved one
and the bond confirm'd.
Then, first, the West
was wedded to the morn ;
And from their union
Liberty was born.

Long time I strove
to raise to higher life

The wild, untutored tribes
 who wander'd here ;
And high they mounted
 from the savage state ;
They built them fix'd
 abodes, and planted fields
And rudely shaping
 bonds of social life,
Their kindling souls
 were lighted toward the heav'ns.
But civilization is
 of toilsome growth,
And countless generations
 pass away
Before the seekers
 gain its radiant goal :
Before the tents of skins
 expand to palaces,
And fanes of worship
 lift their spires to heav'n.

Hesperus had I sent,
 on pinion swift,
O'er all this land,
 embracing half the world,

To bring the long hid
 records of its life.
Far in the south,
 in silent solitudes,
'Midst nature's wild
 luxuriance, were seen
Vast ruin'd walls
 of cities desolate ;
Sad monuments
 of peoples pass'd away
Ere yet the sun
 of cultur'd life outreach'd
The misty shadows
 of its morning hour.
On one fair plain
 a peopled city stood ;
The seat of rule
 o'er many subject tribes,
Whose chiefs, in savage
 pomp, held kingly sway,
While Art's half finish'd
 instruments were plied
To rear the ladder
 of ascending life.
But near, arose
 the huge and awful fane

Where Superstition,
 in Religion's stead,
With impulse fierce,
 perform'd her fearful rites,
With fiendish sacrifice
 of human life.
Save of this partial
 conquest of her realm,
Free, affluent nature
 full dominion held
O'er all the region
 compass'd by the waves
Of two vast oceans,
 spread from pole to pole.
Forests, unbroken
 by the fields of men,
O'ershadow'd all the land.
 In solitude,
The mighty streams
 swept on their darken'd way ;—
No dwellings graced
 their shores, nor voices cheer'd ;
Fair valleys bloom'd
 unseen and unenjoy'd :
This garden of the earth,
 unkept, undress'd,

In wild profusion
 dropp'd its useless stores ;
While nature yearn'd
 for human life, to bless ;
Yearn'd for the human arm,
 to aid her toil ;
Yearn'd for the human soul
 to feel her charms,
And bless the God aright
 who giveth all.

I call'd Aurora
 from the Eastern world
Where she lay, swoon'd,
 in hope's despair so long—
Dreaming of him,
 the loved one, far away—
The free-wing'd Spirit
 of the Western world,
Whom, she long fear'd,
 her eyes would never greet.
I call'd her forth ;
 she trimm'd her starry lamp,
And in forevision
 saw my radiant bow ;

Then flam'd the fire
 of love within her breast ;
Then glowed the light
 of hope within her eyes,
For Hesper's home she
 knew my bow did span.
But ere she rein'd
 her winged steeds for flight,
One glance she gave
 the crumbling despotisms ;
And on the scroll impress'd,
 in tear-dimm'd words,
The woes of spirits free
 who yearn'd for light ;
And long'd to lead them
 in her glittering train
To this bright realm
 of Freedom's coming reign.
But first she sped
 her hopeful way alone,
To trace a pathway
 to their destined home ;
And on the scroll imprint,
 in lines of light :
" Westward the course
 of Empire takes its way !"

Along her track
 above the azure deep,
Whose waves in awful
 solitude had roll'd
Since youngest time,
 untravers'd, unexplor'd ;
With joyful welcome,
 fair Atlanta sang
To cheer her forth ;
 and sent her train to guard
Against the dark-wing'd
 phantoms of the night—
Ghosts of dead kings,
 hard tyrants, who kept watch
In dragon forms,
 o'er her opening gates
Along the Eastern world—
 a darkling wall,
Coiling and flapping
 in foreboding rage
To frighten, and
 to close up all escape
Of myriads enslaved
 by their successors,
Who longed to see the light
 and breathe the air



Of Freedom. Thus good
Atlanta cheer'd !
So glad was she
to ope her azure gates,
Which soon should let
the prisoners flee
To this, her long closed
Eden world so fair.

A fadeless track
of light, from shore to shore,
Across the solemn,
sounding deep, is traced ;
And lo, these smiling heavens,
glowing greet
The radiant herald
of a world's new hope ;
The destin'd mother
of fair Liberty ;
And her twin sister,
Astrea, star y'crown'd
The radiant pair
whose spirits in the heavens
The ancient poets saw
and worshiped there.

M N E M .

That was a glorious morn
 when she appear'd,
And ever will be deem'd
 while time doth last,
Glorious for this new world,
 and all the earth—
Nay, all the boundless
 universe of life ;
For when she reach'd
 these shores, and opened up
The golden gates of light,
 thy mantle glowed
And flamed thy bow
 with radiance all divine,
Whose splendor fill'd
 the boundless vault of heaven.

I R I S .

Hesperus from his
 sleepless couch, arose
At her approach—young
 Freedom love-inspired,

Her glowing eyes
the eastern sky illum'd.
His blushing cheeks
the western heav'ns inflam'd.
She pour'd libations
from her sapphire urn,
In grateful offering
for the blessing near.
He grateful breath'd
enamor'd sighs to heav'n,
And flowery offerings gave
for hope attain'd.
Then came the joyous Hours,
and Floral throng,
And sweetly deck'd
the verdant nuptial bower
Where Love and Freedom
blent in holy bonds.
Around, and to the skies,
diffusive spread
A vaporous halo,
soft as spirits' breath,—
A luminous perfume,
such as ever flows
From trees immortal
in Hesperian bowers :

Soft breathing melodies
 of joy, arose,
As if from out
 the inmost soul of earth ;
While low, responsive tones,
 through ether borne,
Fell a sweet blessing
 from rejoicing stars.
Then darted down
 a glory from the heavens,
And in the midst
 descended to the earth
Two spirits fair
 in living light reveal'd ;
She, with the wand
 of Liberty, and She
Who bears the even scales
 and starry crown.
As wise Minerva,
 from the brow of Jove,
In form mature,
 with port serene, they stood.
She waved her wand,
 and she, her golden scales ;
And round about
 the grand area rose,

On cluster'd columns borne,
 a lofty dome,
The ideal form of that
 which soon should rise—
The Fane of Freedom,
 towering to the skies :
And round its shrine,
 where stood the heav'nly pair,
The Muses gather'd,
 waiting their command.
They did command :
 " Inscribe upon the scroll
Of Destiny, in Hope's
 high keeping borne."

M N E M

They quick obey'd ; and
 soon were seen inscribed
Within its ample
 luminated verge,
Thine own prophetic words,
 as Fate's decree :
" Beneath these heavens ;
 on this new mount of earth ;

This land where nature
 in grand affluence reigns,
And where the soul of man,
 in conscience free—
Unclouded, unenthral'd
 by errors hoar—
With pure uplifting light
 of truth may glow ;
The sun of reformation
 must arise,
To reillumine e'en
 the olden world.
Here shall the Patriot
 realize his dream
Of civil order
 based on human rights :
Here, His disciples
 with their Lord commune,
And teach the simple truth
 of His religion :
Here, men of science,
 Unappall'd by kings,
Or jealous pontiffs,
 boldly shall explore
The affluent mines of earth ;
 and from her heights,

Look out amidst the stars
for laws eternal.
Here Art shall bring
her fragmentary gems,
From fallen, crumbling
ruins of the past ;
And reproduce, with
Nature's guiding hand,
Their lost proportions,
with an added charm :
And, in alliance all,
the life unfold
That here shall light
the coming age of gold."

When this was done,
thou dost remember well.
Thus spake fair Liberty,
to thee she spake :
"Thou knowest all !
the scroll of Destiny
Is thine ; and thine
the function to unfold
And guide the world
in its development.

Command our aid ; in
all thou hast to do,
Thy bidding shall the
spirit throng pursue."

IRIS.

All this, in clear
remembrance, now revives :—
How then I looked
upon the scroll again,
Whereon was traced
the pathway, into light,
Of all the nations
from the long eclipse :
And while I gazed,
the goal in glory shone ;
But pondering long,
upon attainment's path ;
Acclivitous and labyrinthine
in its course ;
Whose starting limit
in the eastern world
Those phantoms dark
of tyranny obscur'd ;

Misgivings and despondency
arose.

The end was clear ;
the means, yet unreveal'd ;
And while I stood,
in anxious indecision,
Clear, from the highest
sources of all light,
A beam descended,
and a voice exclaim'd :
“ Send forth the spirits
to the eastern world
To lighten and inform
the prison'd soul of man !
To action speed them,
and as they advance,
The path will open,
lighted further on.”
Then clearly to my view,
the truth arose :
The soul of man—
mind individual—
Must first be free,
before he can escape
Corporeal bondage :
free thought must melt

The iron chain,
 and numb the despot's arm,
 Or man would live
 a base and groveling slave,
 Even though bright Freedom's
 temple were his home.
 Then sent I forth,
 throughout the eastern world,
 The new-born pair,
 and Muses, re-inspired,
 To bear my lamp
 where doomed thinkers sat
 In cankering chains,
 in dungeons dark and drear,
 Doom'd for the thought
 of truth the despot fear'd
 Would melt his sceptre
 and enslaving chains,
 And break the darkling
 phantom wall away.

M N E M .

Grandly they bore
 its quick redeeming blaze ;

And speedily threw
 open wide the gates
Of prison'd thought,
 and thine illumined track
To these Elysian shores,
 O'er Atalanta's realm ;
And speedily, with
 valor-freighted barks,
By genius guided,
 lo, they re-appear !
And o'er the ideal
 temple of the free
The starry ensign
 of their empire raise.

I R I S .

Lo, now, the glorious,
 soul-inspiring show
Of Freedom's tramp
 throughout the western world !
Look through the lens
 of Time, that gathers in
His mighty movements
 through the century.

How like a wonder
 swells his bright procession,
From one small vessel's
 crew, to millions !
How rays his torch
 across the continent !
At every gleam,
 an empire springs to life !
At every gleam,
 a despot's throne doth quake !
At every gleam,
 through dark barbarian wilds,
A State springs up,
 and golden harvests wave.
Stay not his course
 of triumph to redeem !
See, on the western
 ocean's peaceful shore
His torch bright glowing,
 and his flag unfurl'd !
A dark spot intervenes ;
 but all around
The rays of civilization
 penetrate,—
Inevitably to illumine all.
 —— His quenchless torch

Is blazing on
 the broad Pacific's shore ;
That way, from Yorktown's
 field of triumph flew—
Not the dark, ominous
 ravens of old Rome,
As prophecies alone
 of conquest and enslavement :
The flight of eagles
 told the victors more !
A voice had echoed
 through their dome of State :
“ All souls inherit
 equal rights from Heaven.”
And the young eagles
 in victorious flight
Renew'd the echo,
 and the hope confirm'd
Of Freedom's triumph
 o'er the western world.

M N E M .

In olive bands of Peace,
 together bound,

His lamp and spear
 and shield with laurel graced,
Had long in glory's dome
 effulgent hung,
Diffusing hope and joy
 o'er all the earth ;
But traitorous hands
 have torn the bands away
And sought to wield
 them in oppression's cause,
To bring to man, once more,
 its rayless night.

IRIS.

False hope of Darkness !
 doom'd ere long to die.—
A passing cloud,
 to chasten and redeem.
'Tis past !—and lo,
 the miracle achiev'd ;
Death unto life
 immortal, lifted up ;
A nation's second birth,
 from War's dark womb.

Through valorous manhood—
 that “most precious thing”
Demanded ever to redeem
 a State ;
And through obedience, perfect,
 to its creed—
Its *law of life—Equality of rights*,
So long, through mortal
 weakness, disobey’d.
— The nation’s ordeal borne,—
Pass’d the dark garden’s
 agony ; its cup
Of suffering quaff’d ;
 the tomb’s brief rest
Broken by angels
 with victorious palms ;—
Glorious, for the new life,
 the morning breaks !
The clouds that darken’d,
 rise in glittering dew,
And melt in roseate-golden
 light away.—
Above, “a new Heaven”
 expands its azure vault.
Beneath, “a new earth”
 its vernal fragrance breathes ;

And Day, rekindled
from the fount of joy,
Gladdens the mount
of Victory and Peace.
Crowning its heights,
lo, speedily ascends,
Stone upon sculptur'd
stone, the dome sublime
Of that ideal temple of the free
Forevision'd in their souls
from youngest time,
And list ! uprising
round its circling walls,
Melodious breathing,
as of distant waves,
Tide-bound, approaching
the resounding shore ;
And lo, the gathering
multitudes approach ;
— Legions of valor,
from victorious fields,
Bearing the nation's
consecrated ark
And rescu'd covenant
of life aloft.

Wide open swing the
 lofty temple gates,
And, for all time, within
 their holy place,
Guarded by angel wings,
 securely rest
The sacred symbols
 of the world made free!—
Wave after wave
 the gathering throngs approach.
Wave after wave
 harmonious voices rise ;
And clear, through the
 resonant air, on high,
Swells the grand ocean
 of their grateful song ;
Of “ Glory to God,” their
 Redeemer and strength.
Responsive, blending
 with its rising flood,
Flows the new song
 of blessing from above.
As when, o’er Bethlehem,
 shone the morning star,
The choral angels
 of the heavenly host,

Approving, echo, and
the strain prolong :

“ Glory to God our
Redeemer and strength !

Glory to God in the highest.

Amen.

And on earth, peace—
good will toward men !”

Throughout the utmost
vistas of the stars,
Swell the glad harmonies
of light and sound,—

Waking sweet echoes
from their resonant depths,—

From all the worlds
their guardian angels rise,
And sing in chorus high
the hymn of joy :

“ The earth hath found a soul,
and from a dark

And rayless orb,
hath risen a living star—

In brighter glory
ever to increase.”

M N E M .

And lo, Urania blazons
Earth's new name
On Heaven's heraldic scroll,
with Hope's insignia :
The golden anchor
on the azure shield ;
And shouteth loud,
the herald of the skies
In voice resounding
through the vista'd spheres :
" Rejoice, ye worlds !
a link has been renewed
In that bright universal
chain, that first
Was destin'd to unite
all worlds in love ;
With choral song,
ring loud the spherey chimes,
The earth is born to light,
a living star."

IRIS.

In spell of silence,
 sacred joy inspired,
Homeward, love-drawn,
 return the festive throng.
O'er fields of ended conflict,
 rise anew,
The azure olive,
 and the golden corn.
O'er Patriot graves,
 immortal laurels bloom.
The valiant Dead
 immortal life regain,
And shine as stars
 in glory's golden dome.
The lamp of Freedom,
 from its starry heights,
O'er all the hemisphere
 unrivalled shines—
O'er *all the earth*,
 henceforth, forevermore !
Look through the lens
 again : the Future see,
Lo ! his bright shield
 of stars and triple dyes,

And torch of redeeming
light, reflected
In all surrounding
ocean waves afar !
Against the shores of
Asia, thus illum'd—
Against *all* shores,
they dash, diffusing light
Like young auroras
o'er the world, new-born !

M N E M .

So round the sphere,
thy fragmentary arc,
At length complete,
a fadeless circle flames—
Thy being lost, in man's
fruition won !
Henceforth the graces
and the victories
Shall fill his goblets
and his palms bestow ;
And to enrich his home
of life, redeem'd

Through the sweet ministry
of love divine,—
Lost Eden and the age
of gold restored,
Breathe their lost fragrance
in millennial blooms,
And high Harmonia,
with her wondrous harp—
Of strings innumerable
as the worlds—
Which speak for each
its sympathetic tones ;
In the grand harmony
of spheral song,
Blends the new voice
of earth's recover'd joy.

ELEUTHERIA.



CANTATA

FOR

FESTIVAL OF FREEDOM.



“Proclaim liberty to every one.” “Then thou shalt see and flow together, and thy heart shall fear, and be enlarged.” “Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thy health shall spring forth speedily: and thy righteousness shall go before thee; the glory of the Lord shall be thy reward.”

ELEUTHERIA has already been set to music and successfully
presented by the eminent composer, **GEORGE HENRY CURTIS**,
and published by Messrs. **HALL & SON**, New York.

ELEUTHERIA.

CHARACTERS.

CHRISTIANA.....	SOPRANO.
SYBIL.....	CONTRALTO.
VICTOR.....	TENORE.
SEER.....	BASSO.
CHORUS.	

PART FIRST.

I.

INTRODUCTION, INSTRUMENTAL.

II.

CHORUS.

As germs from winter's chilling night
In spring's warm breath expanding glow ;
As sparkling 'mid its genial light,
The long pent streams elated flow ;
So from oppression's darkling thrall,
Brought forth on Freedom's airy wings—

Observant of fair virtue's call—

New-born, with joy the spirit springs.

Each heart to purer life aspires

With vernal impulse, strong and free ;

And quenching all unholy fires,

Quick bounds with joy of liberty.

III.

RECITATIVE,—*Seer.*

Thus spake the prophet of old to his people : “ Is not this the fast that I have chosen ? To undo the heavy burthens, and to break every yoke. Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house ? When thou seest the naked, that thou cover him ; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh ? ”

IV.

AIR,—*Seer.*

Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thy health shall spring forth speedily.

V.

RECIT.,—*Sybil*.

But the ages roll on, and the yoke is not broken.
In darkness of bondage the people do mourn, and to
heaven unceasingly cry :

VI.

CHORUS.

“ O grant us the light of thy love,
And melt thou the chains that enslave us.”

VII.

SOLO (*Sybil*) and CHORUS.

Heed, oh heed the sad captive's call !
Let thy love all tyrants dismay,
Rend, oh rend his chains that enthrall ;
Break, oh break his dark walls away.

VIII.

RECIT.,—*Seer*.

In bondage the children of Israel sighed, and would
depart from the land of Egypt ; but Pharaoh's heart

was hardened, and he would not loose their bonds, and oppressed them the more, till their cry went up to God. Then Moses, his servant, arose and led them from Egypt through the Red Sea.

IX.

AIR,—*Seer.*

He brake in sunder their hard yoke of bondage,
 And led them triumphantly through the Red Sea.
 Then glow'd their guiding, fiery cloud pillar,
 Forelighting the land where they hoped to be free.

X.

DOUBLE CHANT, *Seer and Chorus responsive.*

The Lord hath triumphed gloriously !
 The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.
 The Lord is a man of war, my strength and my song.
 The enemy said, I will pursue ! I will overtake !
 I will draw my sword, and my hand shall destroy
 them !
 They sank as lead in the mighty waters.

Sing ye unto the Lord ! for he hath triumphed gloriously.

The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.
The Lord is a man of war, my strength and my song.
Amen.

XI.

RECIT.,—*Seer*.

So Moses brought the people forth from
Egypt into the promised land.

XII.

DUETT, *Seer and Sybil*, and CHORUS.

Lo, Israel advancing !
And as night to the day,
Dark oppression give way !
Lo, rich harvests glowing
In the wilderness dread,
Whence the savage hath fled.
Lo, broadly expanding
His just law's bless'd bounds !
List ! his temple resounds
With pure worship's loud song.

XIII.

RECIT.,—*Sybil.*

But oppression arose in their midst, and their covenants were broken ; and the prophets mourned by reason of their sins.

XIV.

AIR,—*Sybil.*

How is the gold become dim !
How is the most fine gold changed !
Woe unto us that have sinned !
Renew, O Lord, our days as of old.
But thou hast utterly rejected us,
The joy of our heart has ceas'd.

XV.

RECIT.,—*Seer.*

They hearken'd not unto the Lord, who proclaimed
liberty to every one.

XVI.

CHORUS,—*Fuga.*

Then his judgment come upon them,
And in dark captivity they fell.

PART SECOND.

O D E.

XVII.

SOLOS (*Victor*) and CHORUSES.

Bright Freedom's glorious orb in darkness sank,
As trembling slaves to barbarous tyrants shrank
 Heaven's favor'd, whom its light
 Had led from Egypt's gloom—
And down-trod millions who had caught its ray,
And hoped with them to share—in drear dismay
 Bow'd down to savage might—
 The slave's their hopeless doom.

But lo, now gleaming faintly in the West,
O'er fair Aonia's mount, the light that bless'd,
 And quickly pass'd away
 From out the eastern lands—
How lovely in its dawn! how grandly bright
Its midday blaze o'er every Grecian height!
 Its mild uplifting sway,
 Through all her vales expands;—

To bloom reviving each ennobling art ;
To valor quick'ning each aspiring heart.
Throughout the Grecian world,
For equal rights they call !
See now arise the light and airy dome !
Humanity with Freedom hath her home.
Before her flag unfurl'd
Barbarian powers shall fall.

XVIII.

AIR,—*Christiana.*

The pride and power of Liberty,
But not its joy they knew.
The holy fire of sympathy
That blends all human souls
In one bright chain of unity,
Glow'd feebly in each breast.

XIX.

RECIT.,—*Christiana.*

They conquer'd to enslave ;
And their dominion fell.



O! who shall bear the wand
To touch the stony breast,
And spring the fount of love?

XX.

SOLO (*Christiana*) and SEMI-CHORUS.

SEMI-CHORUS.

He cometh from the east—
The Saviour of the world.

SOLO.

The law of love proclaiming.
He cometh to break every yoke!
He bringeth true light from above,
To shine forevermore.

XXI.

RECIT.—*Victor*.

And the light amidst darkness shone, and all the
glory of the classic world grew dim; its art and
science died; its power decayed; its idols fell; and
Freedom's name was lost; and last, to consecrate un-
holy deeds, the sacred torch of gospel light was borne.

XXII.

AIR,—*Victor.*

Brave Luther from his heaven-lit cell
Came forth, and snatch'd it from the seven hills,
And shed its radiance o'er the German land.

XXIII.

CHORUS.

Thenceforth anew the germ of Freedom sprang,
The Saxon bore it to the Briton's home,
And he transplanted it in this new world.

XXIV.

SCENE,—*Seer.*

Open thy gates, O morning Sun! and let thy light
throw back from this fair land afar, the darkling pall
wherewith the tyrants of the eastern world would
shadow all the earth.

Open wide thy gates, and let the star of Freedom
dawn upon the wanderers who have sought its light,
and stand upon these shores in prayerful pause—the
ocean waste behind—before them boundless wilds.

XXV.

AIR,—*Seer.*

They came for freedom of the soul !
Let this new mount of earth, O Fount of Light !
Receive them free, and darkness never know.

XXVI.

QUARTETTE, *Christiana, Sybil, Victor and Seer.*

Stormy oceans far divide them
From oppression's iron hand.
Cross'd their Red Sea, Heav'n will guide them
Through their blooming promis'd land.
Brightly glowing to receive them.
Dawns the star of Liberty ;
And their hopes shall not deceive them—
Trust in God will make them free.

XXVII.

RECIT.,—*Sybil.*

Yet not with roses
Is their pathway strewn.
The despot's banner
Glooms their hope-lit sky.—

His myrmidons approach !
 The earth is trembling
 'Neath their wrathful tread.
 O blind fatuity !
 They would affright
 The children of free thought !

XXVIII.

RECIT.,— *Victor.*

A voice proclaimeth,
 From their council hall :
 “ All souls inherit
 Equal rights from Heaven !”

XXIX.

AIR,— *Victor.*

In every heart,
 The joyful accents fall ;
 To every arm,
 The hero's strength is given.
 Dim, powerless shadows,
 See the foemen fly !
 Lo, hope's bright emblem
 Span young Freedom's sky !

How glows his torch
From east to western shore,
'Mid savage wilds
Illuming States to life !
The SACRED WORDS
Have quell'd the cannon's roar,
And sown the olive
O'er the fields of strife.
Lo, Washington appears ;—
His country's sire—
And for the world
Flames Freedom's quenchless fire.

XXX.

FINALE, *Solos and Chorus.*

It spreads with the glory
Of Bethlehem's star :
The power of all tyrants
Now hopelessly wanes.
Joy, joy to our own,
And all nations afar ;
Even now is it melting
From millions their chains.

Dark treason, in carnage,
 Would quench the blest light,
And leave the world deluged
 In darkness, to mourn ;
But the rescuing angels
 Go forth in their might !—
Its glory, undimm'd,
 From the conflict is borne.

Joy, joy to ye millions !
 Cease, cease ye to mourn.—
Columbia is free !
 In her triumphal throng,
With thanks unto God,
 Let us raise the glad song.
Rise, rise all ye nations !
 In one brother band,
Awake and march onward
 To Freedom's bright goal.
The guerdon is priceless ;
 Up, up every land,
And know the true gladness
 Of freedom of soul.

Awake! For thy coming
The near future waits—
Millennial glory
Unfoldeth its gates!

FUGA.

In hope, join all nations
Our triumphal throng.
With thanks unto God,
With us raise the glad song.

D A Y.



**“ Arise, shine ; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is
risen upon thee.”**



D A Y.

To the Hellenic vision,
Sublime was the image
Of Day, golden glowing,
From Zeus descended :
The radiant angel
Of rescue from evil,

And god of the bow and the lyre.—
Grand in dawn's advent ;
Heaven's Eros forelighting
His fiery chariot ;
And she, the bright herald
Who beareth the dew-urn,

With roses gracing his path.—
Sublime in ascension
O'er the archway of crystal
To mid-goal o'er Hellas ;
Starry hosts reverently,
To far thrones retiring,
Leaving unrivalled his rule.

Grand in his effluence
Of light to her people ;
Her island-gemm'd seas,
And Ceres-blest valleys,
And temple-crown'd heights
Immersing in splendor of gold !
And glorious the vision
Of his passage triumphal
Through Hesperus' portals ;
The Hours, Iris-pinion'd,
In joy-dance attending,
With cloud-banners waving,
All with glory aflame.
But grander, more glowing,
The image ideal
Reveal'd by the muses,
And poets and prophets,
Of a Day, full of beauty
And joy to the world.
A day whose bright image
Expands as a garden,
The vast palace garden
Of sovereign benignant ;
Encompassing oceans
Its green borders lave ;

And rivers majestic
Flow down its long alleys ;
Fair plains and grand forests,
And mountains and valleys,
In limitless vistas

Expanding between.

No blighting winds enter
Its full cluster'd vineyards
And rich golden harvests,
Through the vast dome of crystal
That with blessing and grandeur

Overarches them all.

The Sovereign, most holy,
Walks forth in the morning
Through his boundless dominions,
Where he hath other palaces
And beautiful gardens

To bless with his care.

This one, newly planted,
Lo, now he approaches ;
Well pleased with its beauty
And fruitful luxuriance,
He smilingly enters

Its bright morning gate ;
And the breath of his smiling,
As he passeth its borders,

From morning till evening
The whole garden filleth
With joy-giving fragrance—

 The light of his love.
The aura inhaling
Of his spirit benignant,
'Midst harvests abundant,
Secure dwell his people,
And trust he will ever

 With blessings return.
Here labor receiveth
Its merited guerdon,
Free from all tribute
To kingly oppressors ;
They have but one Monarch—

 The all-loving One.
From all remote regions,
Lo, hither come thronging
Hope-guided wanderers—
Homeless home-seekers
In this garden of plenty,
 And home of the free.

And welcome they enter
Its portals unguarded.
From its joy-lighted mansions
And affluent granaries

No needy suppliant
Is turn'd empty away.
Now the evening gate opens,
And with hope-tokens given,
The good King departeth ;
When momentarily darkling,
The Day-dome all smileth,
Illumin'd with stars—
The unfading torches
Of the guardian angels,
The Sovereign appointed
To light forth the servants
Whose labors are ended,
To his high home of rest.
Is it not beautiful—
This vast palace garden,
With oceans surrounding,
And the good monarch's blessing !
Ah, well may his people
Feel grateful therein.
On its ideal splendor,
Unmoved, are ye gazing,
While angels are chanting
In new song of gladness :
“ Behold earth's elysium—
Hope's promis'd fruition
In fullness reveal'd ?”

No, no ! but rejoicing,
I hear ye exclaiming
With grateful emotion :
“ How long wrought the Sovereign,
A fit place preparing
In the calendar of ages

For this glorious day !”—
And with reverence recalling
The names of the worthies ;
The servants most faithful,
Of the all-loving Father,
Who planted the vineyards,
And to every people,
Opened a pathway

To its welcoming gate.
Lo now through its archway
The great ships departing
To bear their blest lading—
The life-bread of Ceres—
Soft pity’s free-offering
To the famish’d and fainting .

In the islands afar.
Ah, this to the Sovereign
Is grateful thanksgiving—
Sweet incense of worship,
More hallow’d joy-giving

Than flames from the altar—
Whose substance is wasted—
For blessings received.
Is it not beautiful ?
This vast palace garden,
With full cluster'd vineyards ;
With harvests abundant,
And the high dome of azure
That with hope's nightly torches
Expands over all.
Aye, most blessed, most beautiful !
I hear ye exclaiming :
Thanks, thanks to the Master—
The light-giving Sovereign,
Who scatter'd the darkness
For this glorious Day.



4 3 3 7 1 6 2



